1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

After this preliminary ceremony, the game leaders of the two 535
sides made speeches. These were in such ancient language that 537
they were untranslatable, but the general meaning was said to be 198
as follows: 539x

Game leader for the challengers.

"Hail, friend!
Thus are my doings. Here I arrive.
We shall see the result."

Game leader of the challenged village.

"Hail, friend! Thus it has happened.
You have arrived here. You will look on my field,
Covered with drought. You will look on it.
We shall see what will be."(26)

Then the musicians, with scraping sticks and baskets, took their 535
places, and the skipping dance began. The dancers were generally ten boys and ten girls. The boys wore kilts, and the girls, the usual wrap-around skirt. They were barefoot, with their long hair flowing and with their faces and bodies painted in any way dictated by the dream of the song composer. He might decide on symbols never used before, or he might demand elaborate pictorial representations of birds and corn.

The regular formation for the skipping dance was a file of couples—boys on the right, girls on the left. They went around the dance place counterclockwise, alternately walking and skipping, in conformity with the music. This had two phases, one known as "they hold in," and one as "they give out." We may call them for brevity, the strong phase and the weak phase. In the weak phase, which always came first, the basket drums were tapped and the dancers walked, holding their symbols low. In the strong phase, the drums were scraped and symbols held with both hands above the head. It was in the strong phase that the composer introduced any mimetic movements which his dream dictated. There were eight songs, each sung eight times or sometimes sixteen.

The dance described below is the last which was given by the Indians on their own initiative, though recently they have revived 541
it under White auspices and with an entrance fee. The one described was given in 1927, when the northern villages "sang for"

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

and my husband said to me: "We will go." That is what he always said. I hoped I would get a man who would take me to the dances and I did. Always we went and always together.

Half the people from our village went, and the people from the Burnt Seeds and the Willows and the Narrow Place. We filled the road, going along on our horses. Two nights we camped and every night we sang. When we go to race another village, it is not just a race. We sing and dance for our rivals and we come with beautiful new songs to please them. Sometimes my father made those songs, but this time it was a man named Fish Mouth. His songs were about the corn, and our men had made corn ears of cactus ribs with green yucca blades for the corn leaves and a green painted stalk. Ten boys and ten girls were going to carry them in the dance, and I was one.

We play a game with the village we are going to challenge. We send a man in on a horse, with his face painted black. He rides in to look at their dance place; then he stands up in his stirrups and calls out that we are coming. They all throw squash stems at him, the little hard stems with a circle at the bottom that cuts like a knife. So he bends close over his horse and gallops out of the village.

Then we come in. I cannot tell you all the running and the basket drumming and the old, old songs that are always sung between us before we race. My father made a speech to them and they to us. Then we dancers came in, two and two, boy and girl, holding high the white corn. The singers thumped on their baskets for us and all those River People crowded to listen. I cannot sing you the songs that Fish Mouth made, I must sing my father's. Beautiful, gay songs, my father always made.

From the ocean far away
Circling round our singing place
Maidens came,
Hither came
To circle round our singing place.

My father had dreamed that song when he went far away to the western ocean to get salt from the dry beds there. The ocean is a magic place and only brave men dare go near it. But it gave my father beautiful songs.

A boy had a feather belt
The girls on either side
Kept pulling and loosened it
And when the dance stopped
He had to tighten it again.

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

You see, that song makes you laugh. It does not say everything. They liked it, those River People. Their women came out to us with baskets of food on their heads, tortillas, squash, and succotash. They fed us all for our beautiful singing.

Then we collected the stakes that we bet on the race. Yes, I tell you, we bet everything. Men took off their deerskin shirts, women piled up their baskets. The River People made piles just like ours, shirt for shirt and basket for basket. Out beyond the village the horses were tethered two and two.

Out came the runners in white loin cloths, with beautiful red designs on their backs so we should know them. Asking for Cactus Seed ran that day, and Running Wind and Short Wings. Short Wings was the best and our side won. My father won a blanket and a shawl.

Then all night we sang for the River People. We sent a man to find out their names and then our men made songs with those names in them. Beautiful, funny songs we sang to those people all night long and never a mistake in the names. Next day they paid us for our singing. Piles of wheat and corn they brought out to the dance place and then they called our names. But funny names they called, because this time was gay. When they asked us, we only told them funny names.

One of our singers was so fat we called him Seven-Yard-Shirt. So a River woman put a pile of wheat on the ground and she called out: "Seven-Yard-Shirt will get his pay here." He ran to get it and she threw squash stems at him, but he took it and ran away. Oh, we were loaded with wheat and cotton when we went riding home from the River Country. And dried beans and corn and extra horses that our young men led along!

After that, whenever we went to sing and to race and to dance, I went, too. Yes, that is how it was when I was a married woman.

VII

We were careful when the first baby was coming. Our men were not going to war any more then, so I did not have to keep my husband home. That had always worried my mother, for if a man kills an enemy at such a time, his child will die a violent death. But probably the man will not kill an enemy, he will be killed himself, he is so weak from his wife's weakness. But my husband did not kill any rabbits so that the baby should not have a choking sickness, and he kept away from rattlesnakes so it should not have convulsions. I was kind to the people in our village who looked sick or ugly, and I never laughed at them, so that my baby should have a good body.

4: Joseph et al D, E-5 (1942-1943) 1949
NU28 Papago NU28

PLATE XI

541
346

Jose Giusky

a) Fun in the plaza

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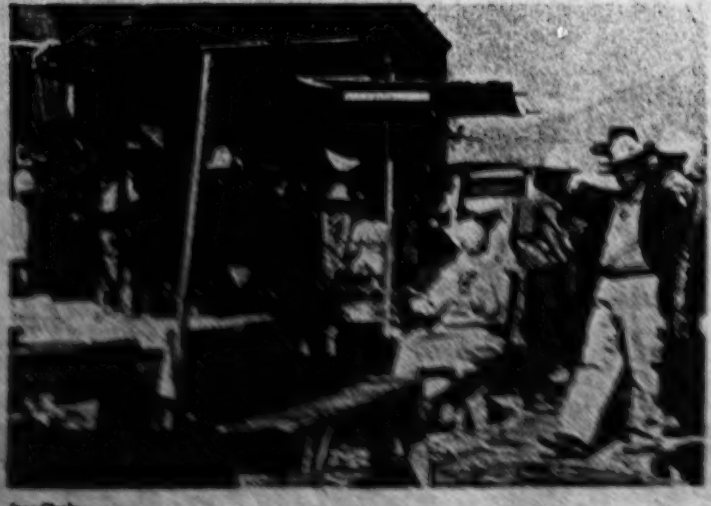

Jose Giusky

b) Lunch in the street restaurant

Machaleños Figures

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17:Castetter & Underhill N.E-5 (1931-1934) 1935
NU28 Papago NU28

524 The game of hidden ball was played by hiding a wild bean *(Phaseolus acutifolius)* in one of four tubes of cane variously marked in red and blue. All the tubes were filled with sand and the guesser had to determine which of them held the bean. Or the bean might be hidden in one of four mounds of sand. The "chips" for keeping score were corn kernels. The Papagos also played the "hand game" in which the members of one side hold sticks of two or more colors in their closed fists and the members of the other guess their position. The sticks were two-inch lengths of creosote bush, natural white or blackened with soot.

The ring and pin game was played with a ten-inch length of creosote bush as the pin. To its butt end was attached an eighteen-inch buckskin thong, on which were strung eight discs of dried pumpkin rind about three inches in diameter with an inch-wide hole in the middle. The game was to throw up the rings and, as they came down, run the point of the stick through as many as possible.

526 541 Dried pumpkin had another use, half play and half ceremonial. When one village was challenging another to games, two heralds came ahead of the main party. It was the custom of the challenged village to run the heralds out of town after their announcement by pelting them with dried pumpkin peduncles. This may have been symbolic of a war challenge.

526 557 Papago children played cat's cradle with lengths of agave fiber and cotton string. They made dolls of leaves stuck together with twigs, or sometimes of deer bones dressed in scraps of buckskin.

Franciscan missionaries to the earlier date of their own St. Francis of Assisi). The fine old mission church at San Xavier del Bac is the goal of Papago pilgrims at that time. In 1950 about 15% of the Desert People picking cotton who left their jobs made the journey to San Xavier.[1]

One secular event in the fall competes with religious celebrations for the interest of the Desert People. This is their tribal rodeo staged at Sells. About 1 of 10 Papago cotton pickers attended one of the two-day 1950 performances.[2] Wage laborers were augmented by great numbers of stay-at-homes, who filled the 2,500-seat capacity stands both days with help of a few hundred Anglo visitors from Tucson and other southern Arizona towns.

A few laborers return to the reserves for other reasons—some women go home to their mothers when they are due to parturate, although most seem to bear their babies in labor camps without medical aid. Sometimes a quick trip home is necessary to look after animals or other property. But generally when the Desert People go to labor camps, they go to work steadily through the season. They leave only for—to them—pressing reasons.

Most farmers hiring Indians realize that religious celebrations are very pressing reasons. Obligations the Desert People feel they must fulfill at these times rise above considerations of steady work. The vow to St. Francis comes before some farmer's cotton, or the Papago's own job, and he will go to one of these three churches regardless of other duties. Farmers who realize the importance to the Papagos of their religion are much happier men at fiesta time than those who regard a job as the most important thing in the world.

However, many farmers do not understand the religious beliefs of their Papago employees sufficiently to make allowances when Indians ignore prevalent Anglo work standards. And cotton growers resent the inconvenience involved in transporting Papagos. A Marana farmer remarked "One reason I never fool with Papagos is you have to take them to Sells 3 or 4 times a year." Another who hired Papagos griped that "Indians are more

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[1] 3/5 of 29 trips of known purpose were to San Xavier.
[2] 2/3 of 30 trips of known purpose were to the rodeo.